

MAD  
INTERVIEW



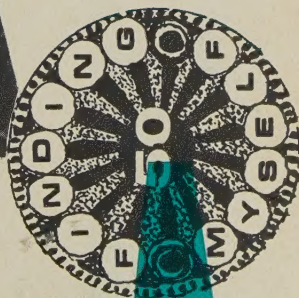
DAVID  
BYRNE

# YOGA

JUNE 1971

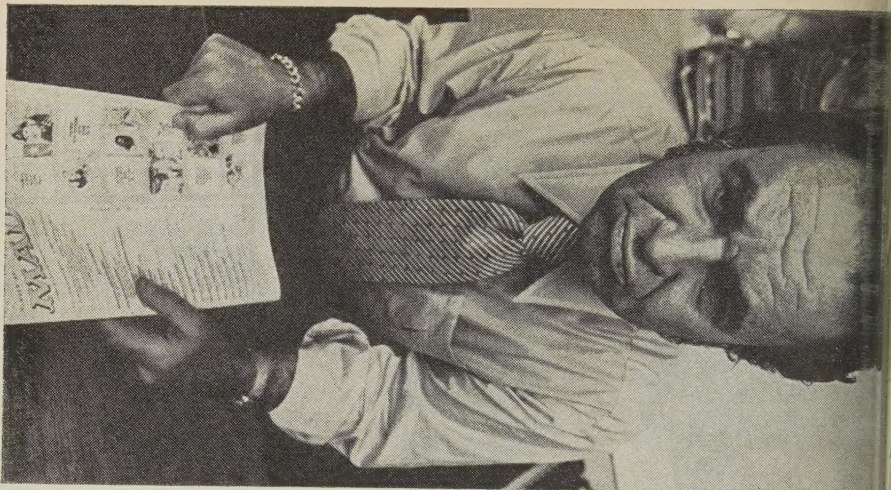
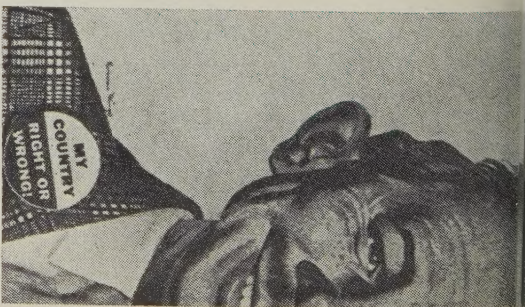
Religious Education  
EXHIBIT  
School of Religion

KRISHNA'S KIDS



Why is MAD the most popular humor magazine in the United States, especially among high school youth? Where do the MAD staffers get their ideas? Is there really a MAD morality? Where did they dig up Alfred E. Neuman? To check out this MAD phenomenon in American humor, YOUTH visited the MAD offices and chatted with its editor, Albert B. Feldstein.

## YOUTH BAGS THE MAN FROM







**Q** *Why is MAD popular with youth?*

**A** I think it's because they believe that we understand their problems and that we call a spade a spade. We seem to be able to remain free of pressure and, therefore, they probably feel that we are honest enough to appraise a situation in its true sense.

**Q** *Are most MAD readers young?*

**A** A bulk of our readership is in the teen-age bracket, but we have a big spread. We have eight-year-olds reading MAD for the surface humor of it—the pie-on-the-face humor. And

then we have intellectuals like college educators reading MAD for its deeper satire. And we even have some entertainers stealing our material. We've got a big spread, but the majority would be in the 16 or 17-year-old age group.

**Q** *What are your favorite targets for satire?*

**A** Anything that deserves it, gets it.

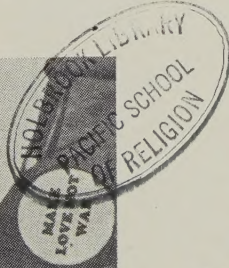
**Q** *What deserves it?*

**A** Any abuse to society, or insult to our intellect, or affront to our taste. Certainly the cigarette industries bore

# MAD

## OR HOW TO RAP UP AN INTERVIEW

PHOTOS: JOHN C. GOODWIN



June 1971

Editor: Herman C. Ahrens, Jr.  
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YOUTH magazine is published for high school young people of the United Church of Christ and The Episcopal Church. YOUTH is also recommended for use among the young people of the Anglican Church of Canada.

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**Subscription offices:** YOUTH magazine, Room 310, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102.

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This issue designed by Peggy Powell.

**"We get our ideas for MAD from the world around us. It's as simple as that. Our reaction to a situation gives us an idea. Just keep your eyes, ears, and heart open."**

a large brunt of our humorous stance for a long time. But I'm not bothering them too much anymore, because it's like kicking a dead horse. I'm starting to go after hard drugs, for this is an area that deserves our scrutiny. It's tough to be funny with hard drugs, because it is really a very frightening area.

**Q Are all of your letters to the editor in MAD for real?**

**A Absolutely!** We have enough trouble writing the rest of the magazine without writing the letters pages, too. Besides, the letters are very creative. For some reason, the magazine inspires humor in response. Of course, there are letters like "Excuse me for using crayon, but they don't let me have anything sharp in here." Or others write, "Dear Clods," or something like that. But we accept that, for





if we're making fun of pomposity, we cannot expect not to be abused ourselves.

**Q** *What's it like around the MAD offices?*

**A** Well, I hate to disillusion any of our readers who think we're swinging on the chandeliers all the time, or getting "high." There is a free atmosphere here, but we are producing a magazine and there is a certain amount of pres-

sure involved in that. Our development of an idea is a team process. In this team approach, our staff deals with free-lance writers and artists. We have our own ideas here at the office which we might kick around with the writers when they come in. Or the writer might have a springboard idea. After we discuss the idea, the writer goes home and writes.

Step No. 2 is when the script

comes back. I then work it up as an article. This means envisioning how it will appear in the magazine. I might consult with our art director about how we are going to do this, whether it will be photography or art. And then it will go through my typewriter in a rough form, as far as art work is concerned, and in finished form, as the editorial content is concerned. Our art director will then construct a dummy. Then the artist picks it up. He adds a lot, too, including some of those background gags.

It's also a team effort in terms of personal feelings about subject matter. For example, I try very hard not to edit this magazine as it would personally appeal to me and my own personal sense of humor, because, if I did that, only the people who had my kind of sense of humor would enjoy the magazine. And since this is an effort to reach all kinds of groups, I try to keep an open mind as to what other people feel is funny.



We have a rather varied humorous approach here in the office, in terms of the kind of people on the staff. I try to see the merits of each one's angle and opinion in terms of an article.

It is difficult to edit a humor magazine and have a mass appeal. And yet there is something in MAD for everyone and I think it comes

out of this kind of an open-minded approach.

**Q How do you keep MAD young in spirit?**

**A** Gee, I don't know. The whole group of us here is getting older. But I think all this "generation gap" thing is a lot of baloney. Age is not the determining factor. What's wrong is lack of communication.

After all, old people can communicate, too. Let's face it, some of the leaders of the younger generation are over 30. And have been for a long time.

The answer to communicating with youth is the answer to the question: "Is what you're saying honest?" Are you touching the youth? Are you listening to them?

## A MAD Look at Two High School Generations

MOVIES... THEN...



... AND NOW...





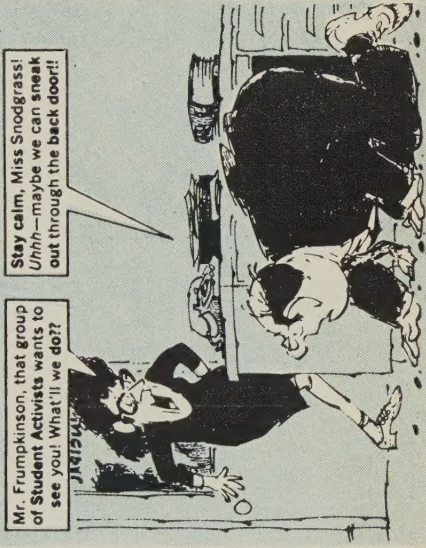
Are you feeling for their problems, their fears, their anxieties? Motivation of some kind is what makes people behave. No matter how old I get, I'm always going to be conscious of the fact that today's kids are growing up with fears and anxieties that older people cannot really understand because it wasn't the same in their younger days.

When I was young, my fear was economic. "How will I go about making a living when I grow up?" War for me was one bullet that might hit me if I was involved in it. Today the kids ask, "Will I ever grow up?", for they are involved with possible total annihilation in the hands of someone they have no control over. The odds against

the youth are frightening.  
**Q Since you don't carry ads, how do you finance MAD?**

**A** Primarily by newsstand sales of the magazine itself, and by sale of our "annuals" and our paperback reprints. We sell about two million copies of each issue of MAD, with only about 100,000 of those being sold by subscription. We started

## SCHOOL AUTHORITY...THEN... AND NOW...

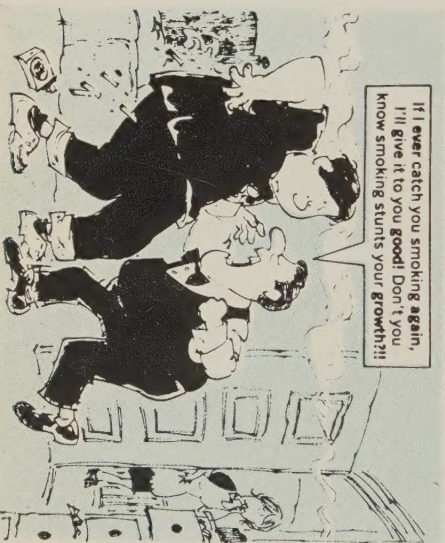


selling MAD at a quarter and then 35 cents. Now it's going to 40 cents to cover the raise in postal rates and further increases in our editorial and production costs. Our editorial package as an entertainment package has been costing us more because there are so many fields of endeavor for good humorous writers today, especially

that unquenchable, hungry animal known as television, which gobbles up material. Because of their MAD credit lines, our writers can get quick, good money by writing for TV shows. Although they still freelance for us, three of my top writers work on the staffs of the Jim Nabors and Carol Burnett shows. Before that, two of the writers were

with the Laugh-In program.  
**Q Isn't Laugh-In like a TV MAD?**  
**A** If you talk to certain people in the TV industry, you'll hear them say that Laugh-In got their idea from MAD. Long before Laugh-In, we had been invited to try a kind of MAD Magazine on the air.  
**Q Has the mass media influenced your approach in any other ways?**

## SMOKING... THEN...



## ... AND NOW...





**A** When we first started out in 1952, we were saying and doing things for a long while that were ahead of the times and ahead of the media. We were doing satire and critical comment prior to the arrival on the scene of Nichols and May, Bob Newhart, Shelley Berman, and even Lenny Bruce. We were part of the first wave of critical humor, and we were way out there. Now, instead of being out in front and saying, "Hey, guys, look where we are; follow us," you get the impression every once in a while that maybe we're saying, "Wait for us."

**Q Why do you feel that way?**

**A** For one thing, the underground press is getting ahead of us in what they can do and what we cannot do, especially in the bad-taste stuff. A lot of their shock-value things really aren't done well and aren't that entertaining, but are more iconoclastic than anything else. We can't chase them and I'm not sure I want to.

**Q What can the underground do in humor that MAD cannot do?**

**A** When I talk of the bad-taste stuff, I'm thinking, for example, of their being able to be very specific in the whole sexual area. We cannot do those things yet because it's not acceptable to the mass audience. However, we are starting to do satires of movies that are now rated "R" which once might have had the old "X" rating. We did a take-off of "Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice" in which we satirically pointed at the sexual absurdity of the movie, but we did it in good taste.

As for what the underground says in other areas, like politically, I think we say just as much and say it better. And they don't say it as funny. I also think that we are more honest and more mature in our appraisal of today's problems. The underground gets a little wild.

**Q What about the comics spelled with an IX?**

**A** I don't think the underground

**"I imagine we're not considered as leftist as we used to be, for there's so much stuff that's even more radically critical than we are. In comparison, we are mild now."**

comics are funny. They are more angry than funny.

**Q Do any of the radicals say, "Man, you're selling out?"**

**A** The radicals have called us establishment for years, because, I guess, we're not proposing that they throw bombs. One of the things that MAD has always done is criticize our democratic society with love, with the acknowledged type that we still have the best of society going for us. Sure, it's got its ills, and we're going to keep reminding our readers of these ills, but we're not about to

tear our society down, because nobody has shown us a better one. And certainly the radical movement has not shown us a better way yet.

**Q Where are radicals most open to criticism?**

**A** In their destructive action! And I certainly have a feeling for many of their arguments, like dropping bombs on civilians in Vietnam is wrong and in MAD we've done our job in that area. But I still feel that two wrongs do not make a right. Protesting the war by dropping bombs on a college science laboratory is not really going to do anything but turn people against the protestors and their cause.

Over the years I suspect that MAD has had its influence in educating many of these people who have moved on to this area of violence, since we were probably part of their reading material. But the fact is that they've gone further than we've ever proposed. The satirist criticizing doesn't suggest

# The 00-second disappointment

It happens too often with a Polaroid Color Pack Camera! That's why we can't take a chance. We photograph these ads with a Nikon loaded with Ektachrome!





any solutions. The fact that these people assume solutions that are criticizable and a little insane also makes them subject to our scrutiny. I would prefer to see youth carefully evaluating before they too hastily criticize and I'd prefer their working within the democratic process to correct injustice. I'm against anarchy, because anarchy is the end of civilization.

**Q Do you get flak from the other extreme—the rightists?**

**A** Occasionally, when we hit them, or when we criticize Agnew or Nixon, or that sort of thing. But usually this flak comes from that type of "one-step-away reader" who sees the magazine but isn't really a reader, because the real and regular readers of MAD know what we are. So, when we get such critical letters, I assume it must be someone who has accidentally read MAD and decided to write.

**Editor Feldstein and his MAD staff get into the act in satirizing a Polaroid ad.**

**Q What about the use of profanities in MAD?**

**A** I've used a lot of asterisks and other symbols on the shift-key half of the numeral line of the typewriter. A good example is our rendition of the profanity used by General Patton in his opening speech in that movie. But recently we spoofed ourselves in the take-off we did on the foul language in "The Owl and the Pussycat."

We show the actor saying, "It's a shame." The actress replies "What, this language I'm using?" He responds, "No, the fact that MAD has to put it into asterisks and little funny symbols instead of the real words." This is an area that someday may become acceptable. But until it does, I've got to go by the mass.

**Q Do you think this language might become more common among youth in the days ahead?**

**A** When I was in the Army, I used a lot of barracks language, but when I came out of the Army,

**"Here on our staff we're all a bunch of non-conformists and free-thinking individuals who believe in the dignity of the individual and will raise our voices in screaming protest to anyone who would have it otherwise."**

I stopped using it. It's the same with these kids who use obscenities. They're using it today because it's the thing to do—it's just another action to symbolize their stance. I think that eventually its value will dissipate, because it really has no value. It doesn't make communication really any better; it just underlines. I use a lot of exclamation points in MAD! It's the same thing.

**Q Do you have any taboos?**

**A** In the past, I think our taboos were generally in our own mind

and so we avoided subjects where there would be tremendous emotional involvements, therefore causing emotional reaction from readers. Humor is primarily emotional. But I find today that as long as you treat a subject fairly and honestly, you're not going to get a very strong reaction. Of course, there may be a little squirming from people who cannot quite accept criticism of a particular thing we're satirizing, but, for the most part, you can practically touch every aspect of our society today as long as you deal with it fairly. This, therefore, leaves the door open, even in the area of sexuality, if it's done correctly.

**Q How do you react to being tagged by one theologian as having a "MAD morality?" He even said you were doing a better job of preaching than some people in the pulpits.**

**A** Personally, I reacted very favorably toward it, because I think it reiterated my own feelings about

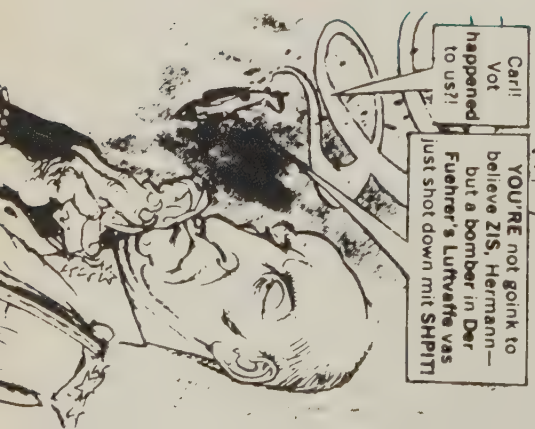
how this magazine was being edited. Publicly, however, I'm not sure whether I like it being spread around that we're very moral, because I'm afraid it might be interpreted wrongly by young people. Moralizing is often and unfairly equated by young people as favoring the establishment and thereby weakening the image of our being a critic of the ills of society. But, you see, the MAD morality is the same morality that the kids want. Aren't they crying for equality, freedom, and the rest of the things that are all very idealistic but aren't yet in practice?

## PUT ON

An excerpt from MAD's take-off on the movie, "Patton," exaggerates the famed general's talent, as well as hones in on his war philosophy.

**Q Has youth's sense of humor changed over the years?**

**A** Absolutely. They're more serious, if you can say there is such a thing as a serious sense of humor. In terms of youthful humor, it's more of a reaction than a belly-laugh. For example, in a recent issue of MAD we saluted the output of U.S. industry by showing a





factory belching out balls of smoke that formed into skulls personifying death. Now that's not intrinsically funny, yet there's an appreciation of it because we're saying things that the young person feels. It's a truth. They get a kind of kick out of it which isn't necessarily a belly-laugh kick.

**Q** *If young people are consider-*

*ing the writing or illustrating of humor or satire as a vocation, how would you counsel them?*

**A** I hold more hope for the writer than the artist. The sad thing about this country, as far as art work is concerned, is that the outlet for budding artists is closing down faster and faster, because there's more photography being

used. Of course, there will always be spot cartoons in advertising and a certain amount of animation to give visual relief to the photography. But it isn't like it used to be. You know MAD is really one of the few largely art magazines left in the country. The publication field itself is being limited more and more by television. Yet it is

You call

Brilliant, George!  
One of the greatest  
single-handed feats  
of this war! One of  
the greatest feats  
of this century!

this a

You call

this a  
CENTURY?!

They don't make wars like they used to!

Gee I miss the Spanish Inquisition! The water torture! The cutting out of tongues! Why don't we cut out tongues anymore? And who remembers what's his-name? Attila The Hun! What a wild, crazy nut... with his pillage and rapine! What ever became of pillage and rapine?

And what about that Oriental kook,

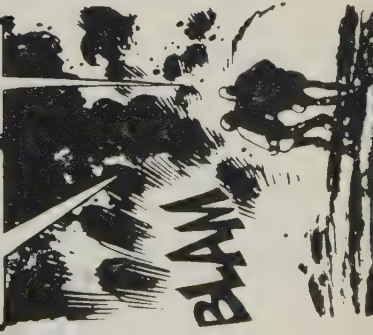
Ghengis Khan, and his lovable Hordes? Gee, I'd love to slaughter with my own Horde! And what about those goofy Crusaders with their torture racks for Pagans—burning heretics in the name of God? What's become of us? Why aren't we religious anymore?

The

old  
man  
going  
down  
Memory  
Lane  
again?

Shhh!

Don't  
disturb  
an old  
soldier  
and  
his  
dreams!



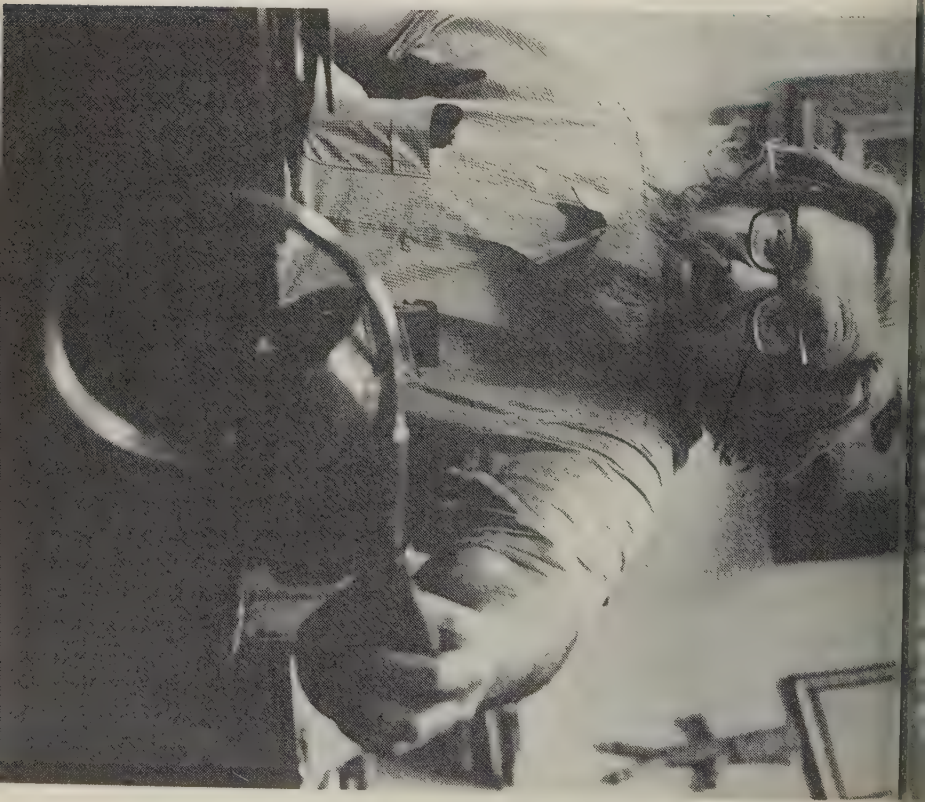
**"We have tried to speak the truth—speak morality—because I think that this kind of honesty in itself is the key to the success of human beings living together."**

this very same electronic monster that makes humorous writers in such tremendous demand. Television is grinding up material at such a rate that there's got to be more of a supply.

**Q. How do you know if you've got this ability to be funny?**

**A.** I don't know. You've got to try it. It's a natural talent that can't be forced, but it can be dis-

MAD's publisher, William M. Gaines, is as jolly as his Santa facade seems.





# AMERICAN INDUSTRY

ciplined and trained in the construction of its presentation.

**Q** *What reactions do you get from people you've satirized?*

**A** Generally, positive. We get very, very few negative responses. Most celebrities have received our satires in the spirit in which they have been given.

**Q** *Why do you date your magazine so far ahead?*

**A** Newstands are so crowded today that dealers have to keep their stands constantly cleared of dead wood. If an issue of MAD should come out this month with the current date of June, as soon as the month changes to July, off the stands it goes. So what we do is date the magazine for the month that the next issue is going to come out, which might mean two months or more hence. We appear eight times a year—monthly except February, May, August, and November.

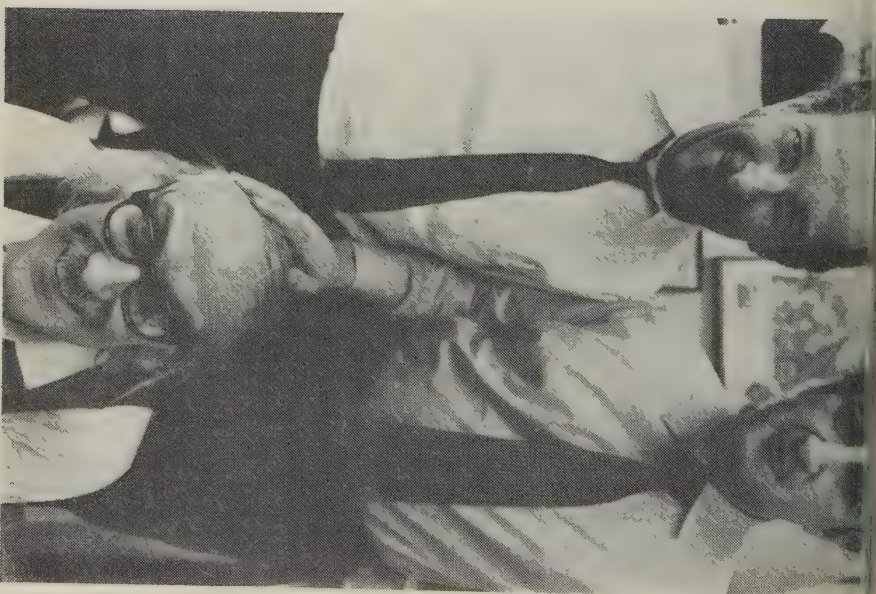
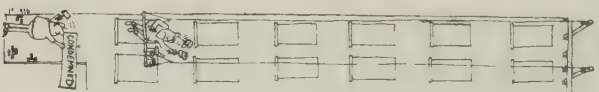
**Q** *Do you feel the culture is maturing?*

**A** It's growing, but I'm not sure

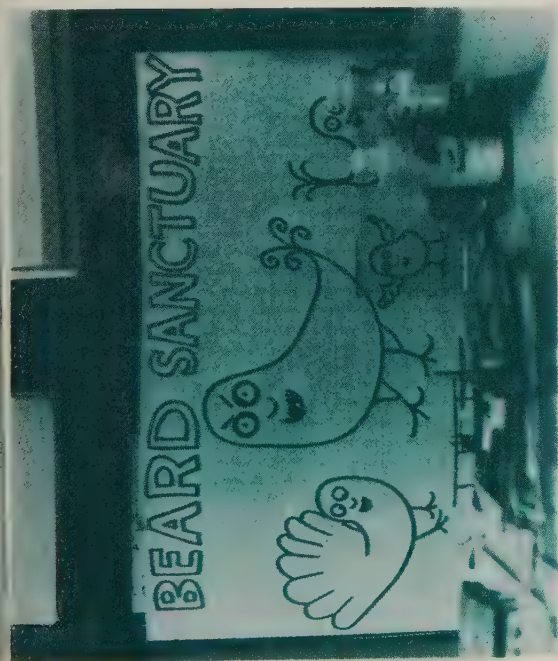
whether it's maturing. I mean that sex for sex's sake is not necessarily mature. I think these young movie producers are trying to brutalize sex in order to brutalize old people. They're saying, "Well look how shocking we can get, you old fogies. See what your standards are these days." It's symbolic, but that doesn't necessarily mean it's right. But it's like a pendulum swinging back and forth and when we find a middle area, we'll be O.K.

**Q What do you think of the TV program, "All in the Family?"**

**A** It's a very funny show. It's much like MAD magazine. Let me explain what I mean. Anyone looking at it sees what he wants to see. A liberal looking at this program sees this boorish, reactionary bigot for what he is. But I have a feeling that there are people in the Midwest who look at the same guy and say, "Yea, he's right. Look at those stupid kids; look at those bums he's living with. This guy is talking sense." And yet, as a liberal I can







In the photo on the left, MAD's pixy art director, John Putnam, and associate editor, Jerry DeFuccio, are joined by Antonio Prohias, the creator of "Spy vs. Spy." Above, production director Leonard Brenner caricatures his own bearded face. At right is Nick Meglin, MAD's other associate editor.

look at that man and also see there are things he's saying that are right. From his point of view, you can understand that what he's saying is right for him.

**Q This show originated in England. Do you think English "Punch" type satire is ahead of us here?**

**A** "Gulliver's Travels" was satire and "Alice in Wonderland" was satire. England has always been ahead of us in satire.

**Q Is MAD sold overseas?**

**A** We have seven foreign-language editions, each translated and adapted by a local editor who decides what material from the American MAD is applicable in his native country.

**Q Is humor universal? Does what makes us laugh also strike other people as funny?**

**A** I couldn't truthfully say. Humor is based on a common experience. For example, many American TV programs are shown in Sweden so that MAD's satires on these TV

shows often apply directly—except for translations of language—to the native readers of the Swedish edition of MAD. On the other hand, someone from an emerging nation is not going to see the same kind of humor that we see if, for example MAD treats the subject of U.S. consumerism, because he doesn't feel it yet and hasn't been subjected to all the ramifications of materialism and mass consumerism. However, where life situations are universal, humor is universal.

**Q How did Alfred E. Neuman get discovered?**

**A** First of all, the name Alfred E. Neuman is strictly MAD magazine's name. It was a name that was kicking around the office for a long time. It was like a funny name. It fit. As far as the face is concerned, it's been around for many, many years. We traced it back to the turn of the century. It was crudely drawn then. It appeared on post cards, old engravings, and nickel-

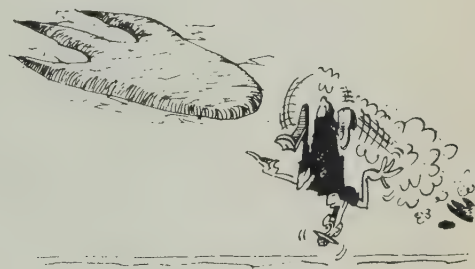
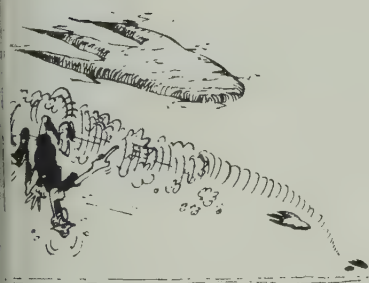
**"If readers think Don Martin looks like his characters, good! They might be disillusioned if they find out he's a very handsome guy. In terms of his art work and outlook on life, he is just simply a nut."**

odeon slides. It was a smiling, grinning country bumpkin type of kid with some slogan underneath it. We adopted those old rough drawings and plasticized and made him a little more real. We started to use him because he seemed to symbolize the philosophy of the magazine, and that philosophy is to keep smiling, and even if the world is collapsing around you, maintain a sense of humor, because it's the only way you'll get through it.





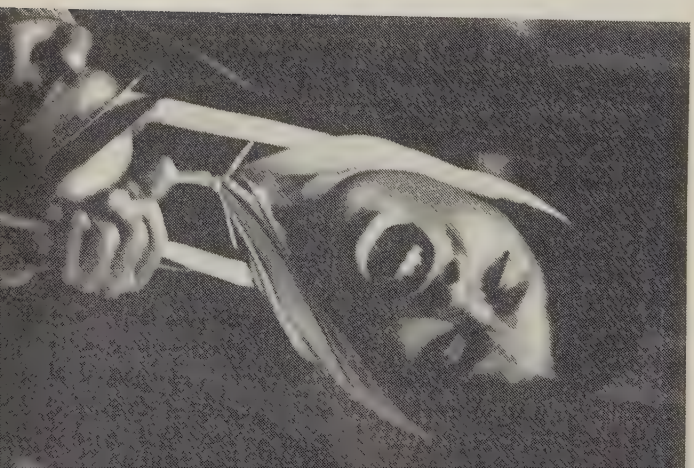
# The Pa'le-on. tol'o-gist (or "The Old Fossil's Tracks")



# HAIRIE



TEXT BY JOE ADCOCK/PHOTOS BY RANDOLPH FLOYD





# KRISHNA

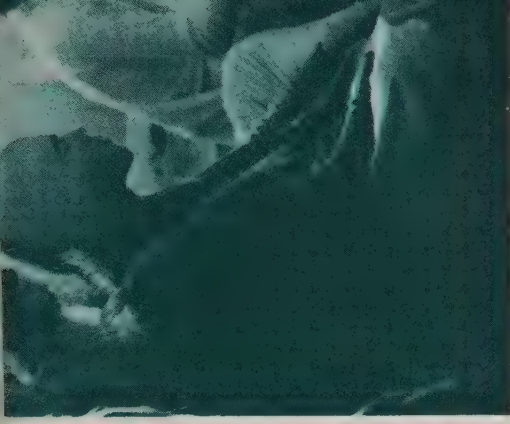
They gather on busy street corners, dancing and singing in Sanskrit. They appear exotic, but by background they are ordinary young people. For some reason, however, they devote their lives to Krishna, a Hindu deity they sometimes call "Supersoul."

■ "Have you visited our temple?" a pretty young girl asked me recently as I paused to chat on a crowded street corner where she and some fellow devotees were chanting. "If you really want a blissful experience, come to our Sunday feasts."

"I find joy in this," another young woman said. "Perhaps there is satisfaction of spiritual yearnings in any religion. But look how Christians and Jews in general observe their religions in this country. Religion is probably the least important part in most people's lives, even

in the lives of people who consider themselves religious. And America is not a country that values spiritual development. Here material things matter most. We can learn from India, where the spiritual side of man is taken most seriously."

For these young people and their colleagues, spiritual life as they understand it is a very serious matter. The worship of Krishna fills 18 hours each day. The cult of Krishna was brought to the U.S. five years ago by a travelling Indian holy man, A. C. Bhaktivedanta Swami



**"America is not a country that values spiritual development. Here material things matter most. We can learn from India, where the spiritual side of man is taken most seriously."**

Prabhupada. The foundation of Bhaktivedanta Swami's teaching is a chant: "Hare Krishna Hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna Hare Hare, Hare Rama Hare Rama, Rama Rama Hare Hare."

This chant is made up of various names of God in Sanskrit. Devotees believe the chant will beatify the lives of all those who repeat it, increasing their consciousness of God. And so the cult is called the "Krishna Consciousness Movement."

Its most famous devotee is former Beale George Harrison, whose hit song, "My Sweet Lord," contains the Hare Krishna chant.

The International Society for Krishna Consciousness, the full name of the organization, has centers in 20 U.S. cities. The Philadelphia "ashram"—temple and dwelling

place—is an 80-year-old Victorian mansion in an old section of the city. Here, 24 young devotees, including three married couples and two children, live and worship.

The group goes out each day except Sunday to chant and sell their literature on local university campuses and at busy intersections downtown. Their major event each week is the three-hour "transcendental festival love feast" the girl had spoken of. I decided to accept her invitation.

I entered a small reception hall filled with sweet, throat-tickling incense smoke. The hall was also filled with shoes, and I added mine to the pile and stepped through a swinging door into the temple. Two rooms of the rambling house have been set aside for worship. One



*One of the plays at the temple depicts a duel between the bull (representing religiosity) and the cow (symbolizing mother earth). The four principles of religiosity are truthfulness, mercifulness, cleanliness and austerity. In the play, the bull is shown standing on one leg only, for truthfulness is believed to be the only principle which mankind has upheld. And even that leg is pretty shaky in this evil age of Kali.*



contains no furniture at all, but the walls are covered with colorful pictures of Krishna in his various incarnations. This room is used for feasting. The other, what was once the parlor, has an altar set into a bay window. The altar is decorated with pink, red, white, orange and yellow flowers and pictures of the Swami. Covering the middle window behind the altar is a painting of Lord Sri Caitanya, who initiated the practice of Hare Krishna chanting in India 500 years ago. Followers of his form of worship maintain that he was a reincarnation of Krishna, God, born again to teach Hare Krishna chanting.

Full-time devotees, members of the commune distinguished by their flowing robes, start coming into the altar room. Before sitting cross-legged on little embroidered Indian rugs, each lays down before the altar, forehead touching the floor.

By the time services get under way, there are about 40 people in

the room. Most of them are young, and have a seeking look on their faces. Five of the visitors are black. Several toddlers wander through the crowd. An Indian family is there—an engineer with his wife and two elementary-school age children. The one participant over 50 is a dazed-looking gentleman with a drooping bow tie. He is the only

person who sits on a chair. The service includes chanting, some words of explanation about Krishna Consciousness, and a play performed by commune members.

The chanting begins softly, backed by percussion instruments. Before it ends, however, it has gone several decibels beyond the comfort level. A five-year-old girl flees with





“When we become thoroughly disgusted with all the paraphernalia of the material world, and when nothing else will satisfy, then Krishna will give us himself.”

her hands over her ears as cymbals clash and worshippers leap into the air, shouting the chant.

The play retells an incident from the literature of Krishna's reported appearance in India 5000 years ago—how Krishna foiled a demon who was sent to kill him by his evil uncle. The actor who plays Krishna wears a loin cloth. All of his body is covered with blue make-up except the soles of his feet and the palms of his hands, which are red.

After the service, Nayana Bhiram Dasa, the president of the local chapter, explained some of the basic points about Krishna Consciousness:

- The men shave their heads once a month for cleanliness, and to remind them of Krishna. They leave a tuft growing at the back, and it feels as if Krishna pulls them by it.
- Another reminder of Krishna is a marking that is put on the forehead. It is made of clay and milk, and sometimes cow dung is mixed in, as everything about the cow is



considered to be pure and good.

- Members receive ministerial degrees from the draft. None has yet been drafted, though some appeals have been necessary, and one man was recently called up for his physical exam.

- The group lives on donations gathered during temple services and on the street. They supplement this by selling incense and catering ban-

quets. Their diet is vegetarian.

- Pacifism is rejected, though most wars are considered foolish. ("We will fight if our temple is attacked; we would not sit idly by. My wife was once attacked by a lusty person, and I beat him up.")

- To be initiated as a member, a devotee must live for six months in the temple commune. He then takes a spiritual name, which is con-

ferred on him by the spiritual master, Bhaktivadanta Swami.

- The daily schedule at the temple is: Up at 3:30 a.m.; shower; chanting; offering of flowers, from a florist, at the altar; a class in Hindu scriptures; chanting; an offering of incense; breakfast; study, household tasks; lunch at 10 a.m.; out on the streets in one of the group's three vehicles; chanting on streets all afternoon; home; shower; supper; chanting; scripture; scripture class; play rehearsal or individual study; to bed at 9:30 p.m.

- Christianity, Judaism and Islam are accepted insofar as they preach the love of God. But Krishna Consciousness is the purest form of loving God. Chanting "Hare Krishna" is recommended as a fruitful spiritual exercise for followers of all religions.

- There is life on every planet, on the Moon and on the Sun. Those who have achieved a high degree of God Consciousness will be united



**"There is no question of fooling the Supersoul. He is not impressed with outward show, and he is not impressed with ritual. But he is impressed with a loving heart."**

with God when they die. Others will be born again as animals, if they neglected their spiritual development. If they cultivate their souls to a degree, they will be reborn on a pleasant place like the moon.

● Illicit sex, drugs, gambling and meat are forbidden. Sex is permissible only to those who are married, and is justified only to create children. Birth control is forbidden.

Nayana Bhairam Dasa is 25. He has a full face and wears wire-framed glasses. He is rarely without the vague, benign smile characteristic of Hare Krishna devotees. "Most of our people are young," he said. "They come from Protestant, Catholic, Jewish backgrounds. I was Jewish. My name was Daniel Haber, but we all take new names. My parents were atheists, actually.

They didn't like it when I decided to be a rabbi; they liked it even less when I went into this."

Nayana graduated from Rutgers with a B.A. in English. He has worked as a receptionist in a funeral parlor and as a librarian before discovering Krishna Consciousness in New York.

His wife, Daivisaktidevi, is 19. She studied religion at the University of Chicago, but became disillusioned with the worldliness of the department. She dropped out, and has been with the group for a year.

"Many of our people are college dropouts," Nayana said. "They have gotten disgusted with their families, their schools, society, drugs. Only Krishna Consciousness satisfied them. We have enjoyments like singing, dancing, plays. But they

are transcendental, they remind us of Krishna. Even our food is nice for Krishna, the things he especially liked when he was on earth."

The feast is the climax of the Sunday worship sessions. Called the "Prasadam," it is actually a part of the worship itself, for a token offering of food is made to Krishna during the worship services. The meal is served on paper plates and eaten with the fingers. When I visited, there was rice pudding, stewed raisins, little balls of graham flour, sugar, nuts and coconut; a piece of fried bread, sort of like a Mexican tortilla and sliced spinach.

"Don't eat any more than you feel you want to," Nayana told me. During the feast, the members of the temple spoke in subdued tones. They talked about their lives before Krishna Consciousness and how they came to join the group. Mostly they spoke of Krishna himself.

Some Krishna devotees had formerly had no interest in religion at



all. Others were very active in their churches or temples. One girl planned to become a nun before she joined the group. Many had sought spiritual experience through drugs, but what they all had in common was unhappiness and dissatisfaction.

"Our true position is a state of bliss," said Charlotte Johnson, who

has yet to take a spiritual name. "We're not meant to be miserable. But I never knew this until I discovered Krishna Consciousness."

A 19-year-old girl named Diva sat next to me during the meal, helping her little daughter to eat. The two-year-old child attacked her food with gusto—she had only been at the

temple for three weeks, so it was probably still a treat to be able to eat with her hands.

A large plate was passed around the circle, and even feasters who still had full plates took more food.

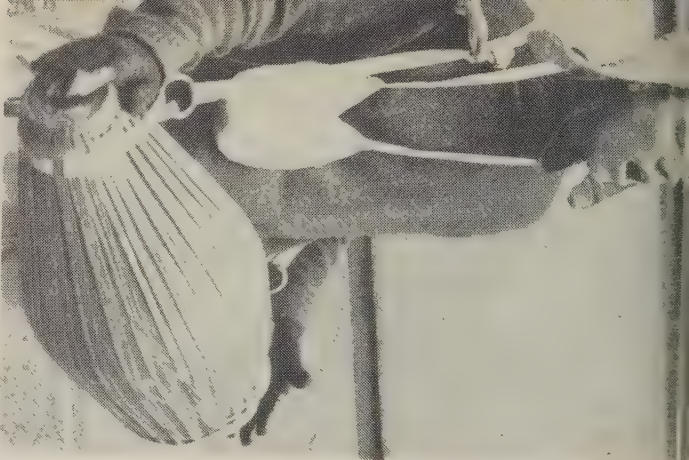
"It's Krishna's plate," Diva said. "Be sure to take some."

Unlike Charlotte, who came into Krishna Consciousness gradually, Diva took to it almost immediately. "My husband and I were walking in a park one day and we saw these strange-looking people," she said. "They were chanting and singing, and we decided to find out what they were about. What we learned convinced us that this is the way."

Michael McLaughlin, 17, is the youngest resident member of the temple. Before joining the Krishna Consciousness Movement, he had a job laying carpets. I wondered if his parents had objected to his in-

*Feasting is a way of worship for Krishna devotees. No meat is eaten because although Krishna does not forbid it, it was not something he enjoyed while on earth.*





*Tomlons and tambourines beat out praise to Krishna. The pouch around the neck holds a string of prayer beads.*

**"All talents can serve Krishna, the Supreme Enjoyer. The writer writes articles for Krishna and the businessman does business in order to establish many temples across the country."**

volvement with the group.

"It isn't easy for them to understand, or for any outsider, I guess," he said. "But they know it's about God, so they think it's O.K."

Michael, like his colleagues, has no plans for a career. "I just want to live in the temple and become a pure devotee like our spiritual master," he said.

This doesn't mean that all Krishna devotees must drop out of society and spend the day chanting. "You can do any kind of work and still serve Krishna," Nayana said. "The thing is to change the consciousness, not the action."

The movement is growing rapidly. Does Nayana see any danger in it becoming too big, too organized and bureaucratic? "I guess the bigger you are the more diffi-

cult it is to avoid temptation," he said. "But if we keep our minds and hearts on Krishna, there will be no problem."

As I was leaving the ashram a middle-aged woman, who turned out to be Daivisakthidevi's mother, caught my arm. "Did you ever see such a thing?" she asked. "My daughter's been with this bunch a year, and she's lost 30 pounds. They don't eat right. But she says she's happy. What can I do?"

None of the young people there looked undernourished, so perhaps the loss of 30 pounds was a good thing. But having a child become a devotee of Krishna is probably painful for an American parent. Few are likely to see a life devoted to a foreign form of spiritual development as a life well spent.



It's too early to say whether Krishna Consciousness will be a passing fad in the U.S. Most of the devotees are still fairly new to the group. Members who complete the initiation period do not drop away, according to the movement's leaders. Krishna Consciousness offers a version of holiness unique to this country. According to Nayana, what it offers is "the nectar" so many find missing in Western religions.

Hare Krishna can be a full-time thing, or a casual matter of chanting occasionally, depending on the individual. It has no taxing ethical code for the lay practitioner, so there is little danger of the hypocrisy that turns many young people away from other organized religions in the U.S.

"Countries around the world have looked at the U.S. and seen that all our wealth has got us nowhere," Diva said. "But now they see something good in the Hare Krishna

movement, which rejects that wealth for something spiritual."

The Hare Krishna movement has no "social gospel"—no impulse to start hospitals, community centers or black economic development programs. "If we turn our thoughts to God," said Nayana, "our needs will be taken care of. Up to now, we have tried to love our neighbor first before loving God. This is impossible. Reviving Krishna Consciousness is actually the highest welfare work."

Social betterment is not the goal in itself, however, but more of a by-product of each individual's God-consciousness. The real goal of the movement is the pursuit of an inward state of blessedness, a feeling of transcending the mundane. To judge by their beatific smiles, the Hare Krishna devotees are successful in achieving that goal for themselves.



# DEPENDENCY NEEDS

Psychologists Barry Bricklin, Ph.D. and Patricia M. Bricklin, Ph.D. take you back to your magical, fantastic, fantasy-filled childhood, when a kiss from Mommy was all it took to make everything all better.



# OR, HOW OUR VIEW OF THE WORLD AS INFANTS FOULS UP OUR LATTER SEARCH FOR CONTENTMENT

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■ A father tries to tell his 16-year-old son, Fred, how he might better change the flat tire he is struggling with.

"You think you know everything!" Fred explodes, and stomps off.

In our last article we told how this kind of explosion is fueled by a dependency conflict—a struggle within Fred's personality in which one part of him wants desperately to retain a baby-like role in relation to his father, while another part, equally fiercely, wants to be free. The latter part of Fred, frightened and humiliated by the presence of the dependent side, explodes with rage at any hint that someone is putting him in a babyish light. Fred is exceedingly sensitive about being treated like a baby because he secretly believes he is one—although this belief never focuses clearly in his awareness.

He already believes he is a baby mainly because part of him wishes this were so. He further believes he is a baby because he unconsciously realizes—he would never admit this to himself—that he in fact acts babyishly quite often. This behavior reflects his so-called dependency needs—his wishes to retain a baby-like idea of himself, his fears of assuming ultimate responsibilities for himself, his needs to be bathed in parental approval and concern.



Behind these wishes is an overriding desire to find some other person, usually an authority-hero figure, on whom he can depend to supply him with the satisfaction of these wishes—hence the term, "dependency needs."

We have so far given only a working definition of dependency needs. An expanded definition and just how they develop will be spelled out as we go along. It might prove an interesting trip, for these needs are fashioned out of fantastic bits and pieces left over from our infancies.

Fred is, of course, not consciously aware of his dependency needs. The more intense they are, the less they are usually noticed (but the more obvious they are to others—even though these others are rarely able to see and label them for what they are). But Fred does have them . . . and when they are extra-intense they lead to all kinds of complications.

If these needs are opposed by counter-wishes to be absolutely free—and they often are—a dependency conflict of the type described will result.

If intense and unopposed, they lead to a so-called "character disorder," in which the individual fears independent action. He must seek out others and somehow seduce them into making his decisions for him. He may do this by pretending he only "wants

advice," or "another opinion." He may do this simply by letting duties, projects and responsibilities slip by, forcing others to push and nag him. In this way he secretly blackmails other people into gratifying his dependency needs. The dependent person may pretend he "just doesn't care about responsibilities," but in actuality he is coercing others into taking care of him. Unconsciously, he knows they will, for these "other people" are usually his parents and he realizes they cannot stand his bogged-down predicament.

Frustrated dependency needs can cause whiny, clingy behavior in infants, intense fear of separating from the parents in school-age, psychosomatic ills from headaches to ulcers to asthma in people of all ages, and marital failure and panic in adults.

Not only this, but they also play a role in man's search for religious experience. The desire to lose the

**The dependent person may pretend he just doesn't care about responsibilities, but he is really forcing others to take care of him. He must seek out someone, usually an authority-hero figure, and seduce that person into making decisions for him.**

self in a bigger unity has roots in the same infantile memories as those which produce dependency needs.

What are dependency needs—these wishes that play such varied roles in human behavior?

## **What dependency needs are**

### **and how they develop**

No creature on this earth remains dependent on the parents so long and in so many ways as do humans. For a good many years children would actually die were it not for the good graces and attention of the parents. After this, the period of dependency is stretched out by society in a number of artificial ways. For example, our technological society demands a complicated education. Consequently, kids are kept in school anywhere from twelve to twenty-some years. An individual might not graduate from college and become really independent until his mid or even late 20's. Dependency is also stretched out by the conditions our culture imposes on those who wish to set up independent lives. For example, a man needs a long period of training so that he may be employed and take on family responsibilities. Forced lengthy apprenticeships further contribute to the process. This serves not only a training requirement, but

also protects adult jobs. Then there is automation. With less of a labor force needed, it is important that we remain kids a long time so we don't rock the boat and demand jobs that are scarce.

Interestingly, man's long and fateful (as we will see) dependence is mirrored in the structure of his central nervous system. Psychologist Donald Hebb speaks of what he calls the A/S ratio, or the amount of the brain given over to the making of associative connections (the "A" in the ratio) as against the amount responsible for direct sensory control (the "S"). Humans have much more A than S, much more area given over to associative connections than to direct sensory control. The reverse is true with "lower" animals, there is more S and less A, more area given over to direct sensory control and less to the capacity for associative connections. There are a number of interesting implications in this arrangement.

Animals, having much S and little A, seemingly learn rapidly (they are actually guided by direct, external sensory control which requires no learning time) but then reach their topmost peaks rapidly. (Since there is little area for association they cannot learn complicated patterns which depend upon interrelated associations.) Humans, on the other hand, learn very slowly, but have great ultimate potential. Since S

is small they are not guided and protected when young by automatic sensory control. But since A is extensive, their potential is tremendous. They learn slowly, but a lot. Animals "learn" (actually are guided by built-in-controls), rapidly, but hit their peaks rapidly.

For example, newly born turtles head directly and automatically to bodies of nearby water—a step necessary for their survival. They are "pre-wired" to be attracted to bright lights . . . and water is a



good reflector of light. Nature has outfitted turtles with this built-in survival mechanism. No thinking, knowledge, or *outside help* is needed. Humans, on the other hand, aside from a sucking reflex which would get them nowhere without the cooperation of a giving and helpful mother, would perish soon after birth without outside help.

Since humans have little S and hence are not guided automatically, they are dependent on others while the "A" is being filled up with helpful associative patterns.

Hence the very structure of the human nervous system demands a lengthy, *actual* dependency relation.

This, then, is the situation. For a good long time children are dependent on their parents for actual survival. Following this, they are dependent on their parents for the rewards and for the sanctions in terms of which freedom and training are secured. During these times, particularly the very early periods of extreme dependence, children are exceedingly impressionable and vulnerable—very much inclined to view the world in magical, fantastic, over-blown images and concepts. Mother and Dad are seen as omnipotent gods, capable of great feats, sometimes dominated by an all-f fulfilling love, and at other times by



monstrously destructive angers and annihilating hatreds. Children at very young ages begin to catastrophe—a tendency carried on through life. When father is angry and upset, a child (either verbally or in equivalent non-verbal images) rarely thinks: "Dad is angry. He'll be over it soon." What he thinks is: "What have I done!? I may be hurt and destroyed!"

What are the implications of these facts so far as the formation of dependency needs are concerned? Just this: the child forms a number of over-generalizations that will haunt him the rest of his life. He comes to believe that his entire life should be much the same as it was in childhood: magic, omnipotent parent figures should be available to gratify wishes instantly. From distant memories of a god and goddess who ministered to him in the past, the child (and adult) human assumes that such services must still exist somewhere—if only he can find them.

He further assumes that because his parents' moods and opinions were once decisive in determining his very survival, then for all times the good graces of authority figures are catastrophically important.

What the human doesn't know is that his infantile perceptions of his parents were larded with fantasies and half-truths. He falls down as a child

**No other creature on this earth remains dependent on parents for so long as the human. Nature has outfitted animals with built-in survival mechanisms, but without outside help, the newborn infant would soon perish.**

and is hurt. His mother picks him up. "Here—let mommy kiss it and make it all better." Soon it feels better. The child's conclusion: Mommy's love and attention can make things all better. (Few are the mommies or daddies who will say: "If you just wait a few moments, that knee will feel better all on its own. Your body has most of what it needs to take care of itself." Most parents maintain the child's illusion that they are all powerful. Even if they didn't, the child would probably believe this anyway, the central nervous system being what it is. Most parents take advantage of the child's belief in parental omnipotence to scare and control him.)

The entire childish perception of parents is one of distortion. The parents pick him up. ("My goodness—did I fly at some point in the distant past?")

From such bits and pieces of fantasy-larded experience, the child assumes that magical, omni-

potent security and protection exist. He knows it does, for didn't he once have it? *Dependency needs are in part the search for this magic, all-fulfilling protection and approval.*

Children find they are able to force their parents, either through crying or other distress signals, to take care of them. They assume safety resides in being able to get people to perform and to give. *Dependency needs, then, are in part the desire to prove one is safe by virtue of being able to force others to adopt a giving, taking-care-of attitude.*

Things seemed effortless when one was a child. All fulfillments were forthcoming with no exertion of the will. From this fact springs forth, in part, the belief that one was once part of an all-embracing whole. ■ *Dependency needs are in part a desire to lose the self, to abandon it to a greater outside force that can relieve one of the necessity of individual acts of will.*

Another theme blends with what we have called dependency needs. Here we have to deal with "normal" passivity needs. Everyone has a need to rest, to be passive, to remain the still member of a team. Our culture does not lend itself to the normal satisfaction of these needs. It stresses work and accomplishment. You are only as good as what you can ac-

**Mother and Dad are seen as omnipotent gods, capable of great feats, dominated sometimes by an all-fulfilling love, and at other times by monstrously destructive angers. Most parents maintain these childish illusions in order to control their children.**

comply—an unfortunate, all-too-prevalent belief. And what cannot be satisfied naturally, graciously, and guiltlessly will build up in mounting pressures and seek unnatural, ungracious, mammoth fulfillments. In this way do desires become demands.

From these many sources are derived what we call in short-hand, "dependency needs." They are called "dependency needs" because the crucial factor is the search for some outside external source on which one can "depend." This term also conveys the fact that the individual assumes that by himself he is less than fulfilled, less than able. He must have others on whom he can depend.

Dependency needs are rarely pursued in a focused, directed manner. The person who seeks to fulfill them usually does not realize what he seeks. The quest for their fulfillment is vague: the need to get

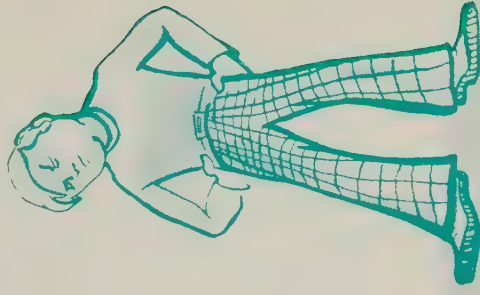
certain emotional responses from others, to induce them to make you feel fulfilled, happy, secure.

Dependency needs, as psychologists use the term, are different from what we may call *rational* human needs (for love, support, approval, help, etc.). We all have some of both, and our lives are guided by the proportions involved. Dependency needs, built from irrational fantastic bits and pieces, seek an irrational, more-than-human response. Omnipotent responses are sought—all givingness, all fulfillingness. Dependency needs cannot be satisfied by human responses. We attempt to handle this on a societal level by building ideas and institutions into ultra-human creations—creations capable of satisfying insatiable cravings: a god that can never run dry of the milk of godly kindness, super politicians who should be all-



wise and all-fulfilling, super Hollywood sex stars who have wild, superorgiastic magical sex powers far beyond those of mere mortals. Such are dependency needs. More on them in future articles.

If you have a problem or a question you would like the doctors Bricklin to deal with in this series of articles, write to them c/o YOUTH Magazine, 1505 Race St., Phila., Pa. 19102.







**66**  
**if you're**

**Text: Miriam Reik**  
**Photos: Warren Jorgensen**

**Young drug addicts come to Odyssey House to unlearn their “street-wise” ways, and to learn to care about themselves again.**

“Oh, I know YOUTH,” broke in one of the boys. “We used to get it in church.”

While there are many kinds of treatment available for narcotics addiction, there are only a few programs geared

*During group encounters, teens at Odyssey House reach out to each other, and try to understand how to untangle their emotions.*

exclusively toward the young and their particular needs. One of these is the Adolescent Treatment Unit at Odyssey House. I was there to find out more about why youth become addicts, and how, if they're lucky, they give it up.

The 75 residents of Odyssey House come from many different kinds of family environment—religious and agnostic, black and white, lower and middle-class, broken and together. Somehow they had all gotten into the drug scene, then come to Odyssey House, and were now living together in the big, rambling building, trying to sort out their lives.

Despite the differences in their backgrounds, certain themes kept reappearing in their stories.

"I liked the people I knew who were into drugs, so I took them,



too," said Harry, a young addict.

Another resident, Jimmy, blamed it on his home situation: "I just wanted to be out of the house. I didn't like it there, so I started running with all kinds of people."

Others said that they were introduced to drugs by older brothers or sisters, girl friends or boy

friends. But they all agreed that, at bottom, they started because they wanted to feel accepted by some person or group that they admired. All of them had gotten into situations where drugs conferred prestige, where they gave them a feeling of being respected, and where they allowed them to



belong to an "in" crowd. In particular, many of the addicts had wanted to be thought of as more "grown-up" than they really felt. Jessie, a compact and mature looking 16-year-old Negro boy put it this way: "I was pretty low on myself . . . I didn't think I could get girls like the other guys and stuff like that. . . . I wanted to show that I was as good as they were, like grown-up."

"I thought the people in the

I was pretty low on myself  
—I wanted to show every-  
one that I was just as  
good as the others, like  
grown-up.

drug scene were tough," said Harry, "I wanted to be one of them." For Jimmy, as for many of the young male addicts, drugs were part of a toughness image, a sign of manhood. The fact that Jimmy eventually ended up in jail and was pushed around by even tougher prison-mates was one reason he decided to give up drugs.

Many psychologists feel that people like Jimmy and Harry would not have followed the example of other addicts if their families had been more closely-knit or less permissive. "Better to be a wrong parent," said one Odyssey House doctor, "but a firm parent." A firm parent, even when wrong, at least lets his children know that there is some order in the world and someone cares for them enough to watch what they do. One addict complained that his father never punished him when he found out about the drugs because, "my father didn't respect me enough."

A lax parent, doctors say, may love his children but leave them without goals or a sense of direction, and without the feeling that they have a definite place and function in the home. Love is not always enough; in a parent it has to be expressed through authority.

There is another powerful reason for taking drugs that is connected to this basic insecurity so many addicts feel. It's very simple: it's nice to be high. Parents tend to think of getting high as an exclusively adult activity, like voting, cocktail parties and sex. But why shouldn't young people, particularly young people who are insecure, like to drain off tension by spacing-out just as much as parents like to relax over a martini?

A good pot high does exactly that. No matter how serious your troubles seem to be, a reefer will turn them all into a laugh. Heroin accomplishes the same thing, say the Odyssey House residents, only

*A confrontation group is presided over by "house mother" Judy Levine, who used to be an addict herself.*

better. A heroin high is so completely relaxing that it makes you utterly indifferent to the world around you. Not giving a damn about anything produces an illusion of strength and serenity. Who cares, says the mainliner, if I flunk out of school, if my girl-friend drops me, and if my parents are unfair? Who needs all that? Heroin is the great dissolver of anger, fear and frustration.

One Odyssey House doctor pointed to this need to relieve inner tensions when she said that "drugs are only the other side of riots. Drugs are anger turned inward (because they are so self-destructive); bombs are anger turned outward." What are the teen-age addicts so desperately angry or troubled about? Mostly the same things that young people



have always found frustrating: parents who are not perfect, a world full of flaws and difficulties, and perhaps most of all, their own fear of failure, inadequacy, or their general confusion.

Young people, like many older ones, have always had to struggle with these feelings to a greater or lesser degree. But in the past, when

drugs were not so prevalent, other ways of coping with these feelings had to be found. Without drugs, some of these young addicts still would have become delinquents or tried to assert themselves by joining local gangs; others would have gotten away from it all by doing a hitch in the navy. Most of them would have been forced to earn a



place in the world by doing what adolescents have always done—they would have thrashed things out at home with their families, their schools and with the people of the neighborhood. Nowadays, however, drugs offer a shorter route to respect in many neighborhoods, and the quickest way to be “in” is by being “street-wise.”

Being “street-wise” means having contempt for the rights of almost everyone else and knowing how to get away with it. It is no wonder, then, that another thing the addicts at Odyssey House have in common is that most of them have been in trouble with the law. Many of them come to Odyssey House initially as a way to escape a jail sentence.

“

Bombs are anger turned outward. But drugs are really the other side of riots. They are anger turned inward, because they are so self-destructive.

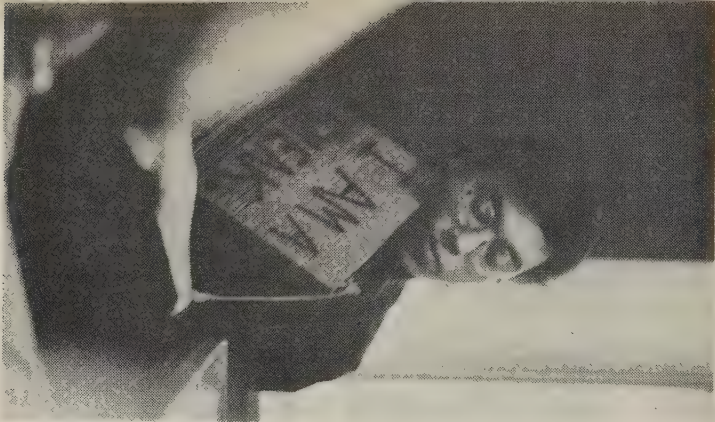
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Drugs, after all, are expensive, and young people have few legal ways to raise \$10, \$15, or even \$30 a day to keep up their habits. When I asked Jessie how he’d gotten into trouble, his answer was typical.

“Oh, I was staying out until 3:00 a.m. all the time—when I was 14.”

“What were you doing out that late?” I asked.





"Snatching purses, selling grass."

Harry had also gotten into trouble with the law and came to Odyssey House when a judge offered him a choice between that or a 10-year sentence. The charges: grand larceny (stealing T.V. sets from hotel rooms), forgery, robbery and possession of narcotics.

So while the doors of Odyssey House are not locked and residents can simply walk out whenever they want to, many of them would face prison terms if they did. Some take that chance; others leave but come back before they are caught. For those who do return, the rules at Odyssey House require a penalty. If they are boys, their heads are shaved as a sign that they have "split" and they are demoted to the

*Penalties can be doled out to Odyssey House residents who relapse into "street-wise behavior." A common penalty is to make the offender carry a sign which names his offense.*

more menial jobs when house chores are assigned.

Over and over again, House residents tell of parents who *knew* that they were taking drugs, but who still refused to believe it—even after finding the syringe, the eye-dropper and bent spoon, and the other signs of addiction. Parents are often simply too frightened, ashamed or guilty to face the truth. Of those who do face it, many have never learned how to speak or be firm with their children, so they just lapse into helplessness.

A large part of the treatment at Odyssey House consists of showing the residents in different ways that it is neither smart nor "in" to take drugs. Drugs are a cop-out from the more difficult business of growing up to be a responsible adult. For Odyssey House residents, being "street-wise," conning your fellow residents and only looking out for Number One, is definitely the quick-

I just wanted to be out of the house. I didn't like it there, so I started hanging around with all kinds of people.

est way to lose respect. All that anti-social behavior just doesn't win friends when the addict has to live dormitory-style for two years with 75 other addicts, every one of them just as smart as he is. If the addict wants to gain a place in this particular group and boost up his self-esteem, he has to follow a new code.

Much of the resident's time is spent talking—listening and talking. The addicts are divided up according to how far advanced they are (Level I is for new-comers, those in

Level IV are about to leave Odyssey House), and they go through hours and hours of group sessions every week. Everything in an addict's life is a proper subject for discussion, particularly his more important relationships with other people, and sometimes the whole house seems to be caught up in one endless "rap." As the addicts talk, the others listen attentively, ask questions (not always easy ones), and try to understand how they got into their emotional tangles.

How this method works became clear in one session devoted to Ralph, a stocky boy of Puerto Rican descent, who looked so frank and innocent that it was hard to believe he was an addict. Ralph comes from a family of ten children; he is 16, his oldest brother is 36 or 37. His mother and father, who are 60 and 80 years old respectively, are happy together, though they have had some trouble with the children.

Three of the boys are addicts, and Ralph, young as he is, is also the father of a son. His girl-friend, not surprisingly, took drugs as well.

The session began when Ralph said that he hadn't heard from his parents and wanted to visit home, a privilege for which he needed the group's consent. During their questioning, it turned out that Ralph really wanted to see only his mother, whose approval he wanted for his progress at Odyssey House.

"You still need her to tell you that you're doing the right thing, Ralph?" asked one of the group.

"I suppose so," he confessed.

"What about your father? How do you get along with him?"

"He never cared much about me. Like, he never said anything when he came home at night."

Ralph admitted that he and his father argued sometimes, and that they occasionally came to blows. His father was aloof and angry, he

thought, because he feared him.

"Do you really think your father felt threatened by you?" asked the supervisor of the group. "Don't you think that a father, seeing his son walking around high all the time, might feel like a failure?"

When Ralph heard that, his anger at his father turned to pity and guilt, and his face caved in as he started to cry. Someone suggested that maybe Ralph didn't really understand what he felt or who he was, but Ralph had gotten hold of himself and denied it.

"Then tell us what you really think you are, Ralph."

"I'm a man."

"What do you think a man is, Ralph?"

"Well . . . he's . . . he's . . . well, a man."

"How's that different from a woman?"

Ralph giggled and blushed a little. He couldn't say it. For that matter,



*Dr. Judianne Densen-Gerber, the director of Odyssey House, stands outside the Courts Building with her lawyer to answer the city's summons on a charge of overcrowding in the house. The treatment unit later got larger quarters.*

"Yes. I'm a man."

"Say it louder, Ralph," said the supervisor.

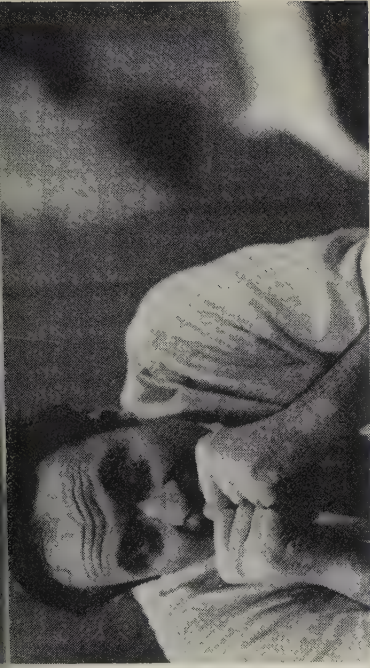
"I'm a MAN."

"Louder, Ralph."

"I'M A MAN."



**“**  
I thought the people who  
were into the drug scene  
were tough . . . I wanted to  
be one of them. What I  
really needed was a boost-  
ing of my self-esteem.  
**”**



*Above: Staff member Bob Baden sits in on an encounter group. Left: Donated food and clothing are brought into Odyssey House.*



“If you’re sure, say it louder.”

“I’M A MAN!!!” Ralph bel-  
lowed.

“We hear you now, but does any-  
one believe him?”

The people in the group looked  
at each other and all shook their  
heads in disbelief. Ralph could  
shout that he was a man all he

“My father knew I was on drugs, but he didn't say anything. I guess he just didn't respect me enough to punish me . . .”

wanted, and he could make as many babies as he wanted in an attempt to prove it, but none of his fellows were very convinced.

By the end of the session, Ralph was emotionally wrung out, but he did understand a little better that he was a *young* man, and that one of the reasons he had gotten into trouble was that he had a furious need to prove to his mother that he was really a full-grown, adult man.

Aside from these group sessions,

there are also “encounter” and “confrontation” sessions, which are held whenever an addict demands one to work out some conflict he is having with one of the other residents or staff. A group is gathered and the addict “encounters” the offender and airs his grievance. If the group decides that there is a real offense, he will get an apology; if not, they will all try to figure out why the addict has the overly-sensitive feelings he does. If there has been a serious relapse to “street-wise” behavior—like lying, selfishness of an extreme kind, or bullying—a penalty can be doled out. A favorite one is to make the resident go around for a few days carrying a sign that names his offense: it will say, “I am a Liar,” or, if he has acted childishly, “I am a baby.”

Little by little, the residents gain faith in being able to talk things out rather than act them out. It is more civilized and constructive, after all, to confront someone with

your anger or tell them that you are hurt, than it is to get your revenge by swiping his wallet. Besides, many addicts are totally unaware of their own feelings until their fellow residents use the group sessions to question their behavior, unmask their manipulations and evasions, reveal their fears and defenses. There is always a supervisor around to help who is sometimes a psychologist, but more often he is a former addict and therefore keenly alert to the tricks of the addict's mentality.

When the residents aren't talking, they are doing plain, old-fashioned work. The whole house is almost entirely run by the residents themselves, who do all the cooking, cleaning, repairing and office work. It is something like a big family, with firm rules but constructive intentions, and everyone is expected to pull his weight in keeping it going. The more a resident improves, the more responsible will be his job in the house and the greater his au-

thority over newer residents. No true addict would take pride in his responsibilities the way Odyssey House residents do, and that is some measure of the program's success. It tries to reverse all the standards of the addict's mentality; it makes him give a damn.

It is hard to guess how many of the residents will stay away from drugs once they leave Odyssey House and no longer have 75 friends to support them, warn and advise them, and listen sympathetically to their problems. But giving a damn, like addiction, is a tough habit to break, and maybe they will remember the small, pink, heart-encircled sign that someone drew and hung in the Odyssey House office:

Be  
Of  
Love

A little  
More Careful  
Than  
Of Everything.

e.e. cummings





I'm starting this because I am finding myself and I want to keep a record of the progress I make.

Today I look at my face which is all broken out and I come to the conclusion that I'm just another human and that life for me isn't going to have me perfect and lovely and have a prince charming ride up and take me away into a land of castle green and loveliness.

It's just going to be, if I live, a life of tragedies, love, sadness, the life that every human faces.

I'm going to know a lot about acceptance from my sickness: how to accept going bald, being imperfect, to live—committing my self, my body, to exist.

I can live only because of other people, I do not belong to myself but to others.

Where is this going to get me? I don't know.

Perhaps it will make me forget myself a little and give more to other people

which one has to do to live in this world.

For it is a give and take world and to live in it you have to plug in, to fit

To fit has to be in co-existence with others.

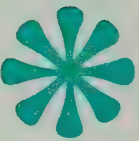
And it has to be with love

For I have found that if I don't love others I begin to be meaningless and I begin to dislike myself.

Then life becomes very weary and I halfway don't want to go on.

But I can't completely let go.

So I begin to start back again searching for love.



# Finding Myself

When I learn that I mean something to someone else I ask myself why.

Because I don't believe in myself I become cynical and angry.

Where do I go from there? that is next.

I've been through caring so little about life that I wanted to die of my disease.

I felt it was an escape, a way to get out of "man's" world and back to nature.

I hated man, I thought he was a mutant.

He destroys so much, like forests and animals.

And then turns around to save lives. Mine.

It just didn't make sense, so I asked

Why live in such a world

Then I knew the answer was to love.

I asked where's God,

In me or outside of me

Do I believe in him

Why are we here

Do we have a purpose

And I kept coming up with YES, TO LIVE AND TO LOVE.

Yes, we are to live, to go on to learn to love  
It's an adventure, in many ways not pleasant  
but a way to give of oneself.

I'll stop for now but the quest goes on.

by CHARLOTTE WEST GALT

*Dear Editor,*

My niece, Charlotte Galt, enjoyed YOUTH and I think the attached which she wrote may interest the readers of YOUTH.

Charlotte died February 15 of this year from Hodgkins Disease, a type of cancer particularly common among young adults. She was 19.

She mentions being bald. The cobalt treatment did cause the hair at the back of her head to fall out, but when the treatments stopped the hair returned, *curly*, which pleased her.

She had long hair and went barefoot as much of the time as possible, loving every grain of sand under her feet and every breath of wind in her hair. We think she was pretty special and our loss weighs heavily on us. We are grateful for all the ways she blessed and graced our lives.

*Best wishes,*

*Charlotte Reid  
Atlantic Beach, Fla.*



On March 13, Joan Baez Harris flew to El Paso, Texas, with her 16-month-old son Gabriel. Her husband, David, was about to be released from LaTuna prison. He had been in various jails for 20 months for resisting the Draft, and during that time had been allowed only eight hours per month with his wife and son. But now David was coming home, and he had asked Joan to bring along a new suit for him. "I want to come out looking good," he'd said.

Along with Joan and Gabriel was Bob Fitch, writer, photographer and friend of the resistance movement. Bob reports:





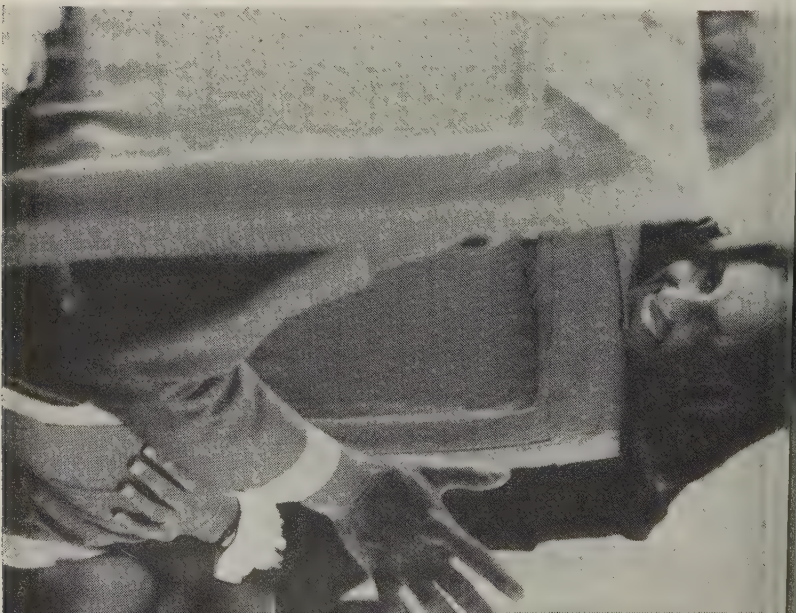
"After 20 months in a concrete cell, I'm pretty unfamiliar with the physical world. I'm still turning light switches on, and opening the refrigerator door and saying 'WOW!'"

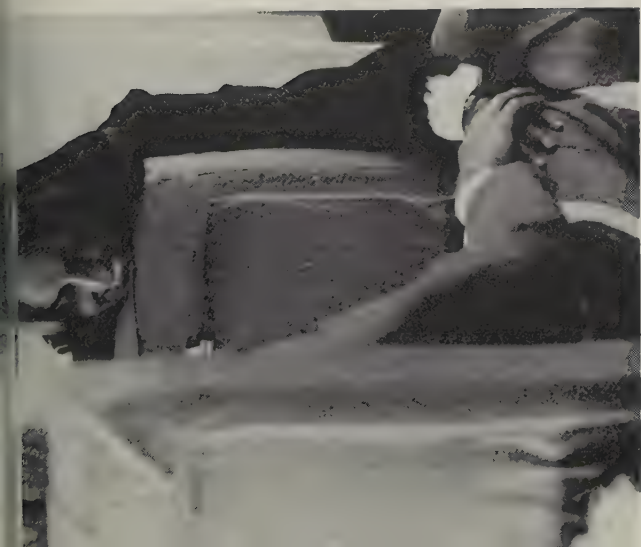
*"Joan went into the waiting room and in about 12 minutes she and David came prancing out on the front steps. Both of them were radiant, and it looked to me like David was breathing his first breath of fresh air. He just looked exuberant—his eyes were shining and he was grinning and looking all around him. Joan looked like a very proud, shy little school girl, walking beside a football hero after a home-town victory. And Gabriel, who has been around cameras all his life, was enormously turned on by all the photographers."*

destructive society is revolutionary love. And that goes for everyone . . . we will not buy ourselves a future by trying to cut someone else out of it."

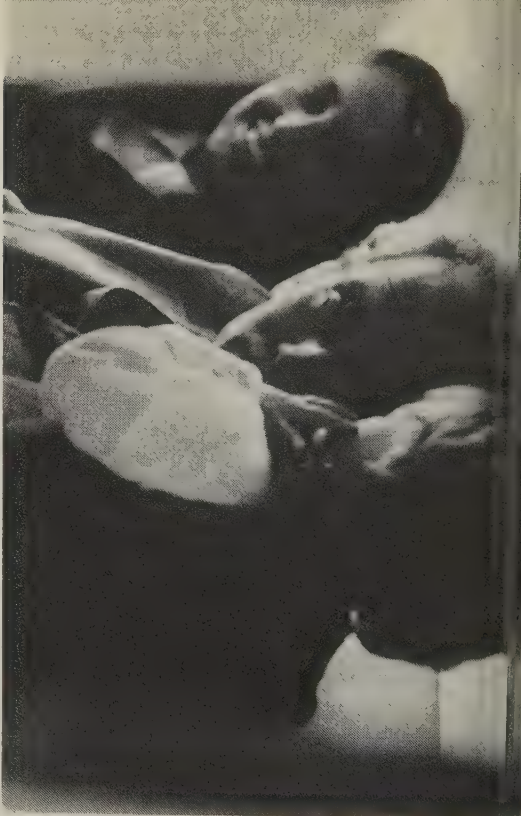
*"On the plane trip back to San Francisco, I took care of Gabriel while David and Joan had their first few moments together. It was a very tender thing to see them talk and touch, or hug and communicate without words. After a press conference at the airport they went home to Struggle Mountain."*

*It was two weeks before Joan and David made a public appearance. After a welcome by the Rev. B. Davie Napier, David spoke to a young and enthusiastic audience at the Stanford University chapel. It was a warm, sympathetic event, one which seemed to be the genesis of an organized resistance movement among youth in the U.S. On the following pages are excerpts from David's speech that night.*





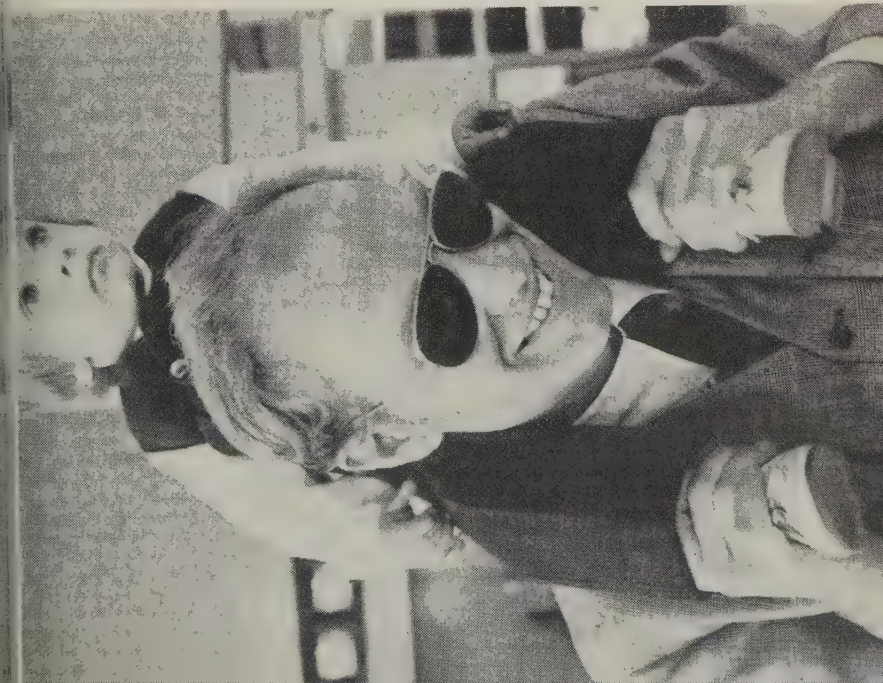




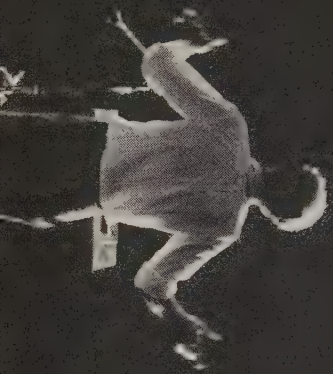
"When I look at my son in his crib, I begin to understand what we have to do. Because if we don't do anything, he isn't going to get to be as old as I am right now."

"I haven't seen a crowd like this in a long time. Coming out of the joint, I get a sense that there are a lot more people enjoying being themselves than there were 20 months ago, or five years ago when we started the resistance. I think we've begun to understand that our lives are operative in the world, and that we can operate them. But we've also begun to understand that we're vulnerable, that we live in the middle of a machine that can act against us at any time. The question is how you and I react to that vulnerability. And I'm ready to answer it: vulnerability be damned; there is a task for us to do."

*"A simple set of words made us feel that life is precious . . . words like peace and freedom and liberation. But there are no two ways around it. If a man believes in peace, then he's up against the machine that believes in war. If a man believes in the dignity of human life, then he's up against the social machine that does not believe in that dignity as much as it may mouth it. Mouthing is nothing, and acting is everything. And America has not acted out that dignity. It has advertised that dignity, it has plasticized that dignity, it has done just about everything you can do with the idea of human dignity except make it real. Those of us who want to make it real are up against that machine."*



"For the last 20 months I've had revenge taken out on me. It's no good. If we're going to talk seriously about a world we can all live in, we'll have to give up the idea of revenge completely."



"What we have to do now is a revolution, and that's a very misunderstood word. To a lot of people, revolution is a very ugly word. To a lot of people, it means killing. To me, it does not mean killing. To me, the only revolutionary response that we can make is to recognize the sacredness of human life and to act that out.

"I spent time in eight different jails. At Oakland, four cops were waiting for me. 'You try anything and we'll mash you like a potato,' they said. And so I say gassy, 'I've never been a potato before. The point is, there ain't nobody gonna beat America at violence. Let's not talk about the justification for reacting to violence with violence. Let's talk about what makes sense, what works. The point about arming ourselves is it can do nothing but destroy us, or destroy the principles for which we stand. Too many people have been killed, or hurt by violence. Let's not go walking down that same blind alley.'"



*"Where do we go from here? I'd like to see a lot of things happen. I'd like to see people get really righteous cooperatives working, where men and women begin to understand that nobody is subject to another. I'd like to see a million people around that Oakland Army Base, making it impossible for anyone to move anything in or out. I hope we never do reach any kind of finalized version of what we want. The revolutionary process is a dynamic one—it keeps being new. There's no end to the possibilities of our discovery. The joy of being human is precisely that. We're trying to build a reality. If we understand the state correctly, we understand that it has a monopoly on reality. We're trying to break that monopoly. We have to build new institutions that people can live with. But it'll only work as much as we want to make it work. It'll only work if we approach the task with a real sense of care, with a real sense of love."*



*"America has really developed what may be an original, historical notion—that of 'participatory totalitarianism.' A few people are in power because they have others who will follow orders. Americans have bought the line that was sold to them. Now I think you can take those few people out of power very simply—by getting Americans not to buy that line. I don't know that we're ever gonna convince the General Staff that war isn't a good thing. But I do know that the generals aren't gonna be out there carrying M-16's. And I do know that if they're the only ones left to carry the M-16's, we're not gonna have to worry about war."*

*"One real part of our work is to develop alternative institutions that are based not on the idea of exploiting people, but on the ideas of community and sharing."*

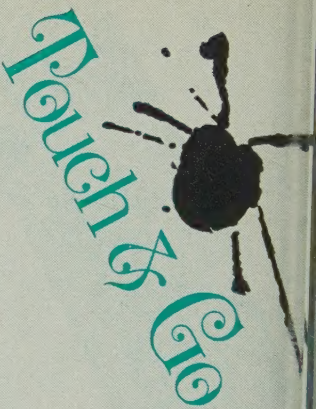
*"I don't want you to pretend that anybody's got all the answers. But if we're ready, I think we can get it together. We are called on to struggle for those things that we understand as human good. And whatever the struggle, all of us intend to see a mankind worthy of itself. And let us struggle every day, day after day, day after day after day. I can't promise you we'll win, because it's a long shot. But I can promise you one thing—that I'll be there. Another thing I can promise you is that the struggle will be full of joy, that there's nothing quite as nice as acting like a human being. And when you get that chance, it's a big chance, brother. Don't ever pass it up when it comes."*

PHOTOS BY BOB FITCH









## HAIR TODAY . . .

The article on hair and clothes in the April issue of YOUTH was interesting and informative, but very inaccurate in one of its final statements. It said, "With its long hair, youth unconsciously says: 'We don't want all your hang-ups in the area of sex . . .'" This is the rather tired approach to long hair, sex and hippies which your magazine has been taking for a long time.

The hippie movement, and what it stood for, died over four years ago. What we have now is a large group of kids pulling the rather

amusing stunt of growing long hair, feeling rebellious and "themselves," while still being thoroughly accepted by their peers.

I, too, once had long hair, but I realized that I was merely conforming to society because long hair had indeed become the "in" thing. Now that I'm 17, I do not object to long hair, I just object to little Christian teenyboppers and 30-year-old flower children calling themselves non-conformists. They're only fooling themselves. —D.P., *Grand Forks, N.D.*

## IMAGES OF CHRIST

The "Images of Christ" fold-out poster in the April issue of YOUTH is remarkable! I can imagine many varied uses for the photos and description. Is it possible to obtain extra copies of the poster?

—R.W.D., *Pittsburgh, Pa.*

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Posters may be ordered for 50¢ each, either flat or with the issue, 40¢ each, if you order 20 or more.

## BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE

Your March issue was a rare treat for me because it had interviews with two of my favorite people—Dr. Spock and Melanie. They're both beautiful, and so is YOUTH. I don't know how you do it, but keep on doing it!

—N.H., *Deary, Idaho*

## ANTICHRIST

I disagree with some of the things you say, but on the whole you get into some pretty heavy stuff. Because I think YOUTH is a democratic magazine, I hope you'll let your readers hear my point of view, too.

What I'm referring to is the article on the "Jesus Christ, Superstar" album and opera (Feb. 1971). You cite the opinions of several young people, and they all seem to be in favor of the album, saying it presents the Gospel in a different, more meaningful way. Well, I say "Be-ware of false prophets, for they come in sheep's clothing, but are



really woves in disguise. 10 me, and several of my friends, the album is very "Antichrist." It shows the Apostles and the other followers as selfish people and Jesus as a hypocrite.

For example, the last part of the opera shows the Apostles as wanting attention, hoping people will talk about them when they die. Over and over again in the Bible, Jesus says that you should control your tongue, but in the record, He yells at the crowds, at the Apostles, and at his persecutors.

Christ predicted the Antichrist movement and warned us to beware of it. Although the music on the "Superstar" album is pretty good, and the main points are true, I think there is too much emphasis against Christ.

—A.N., *Saratoga, Cal.*

## WALKOUT OVER SUPERSTAR

When our church devoted a worship service to "Superstar" only one person walked out—the oldest woman in our congregation. And she's

still worshipping regularly with us.

—E.A., *Plainville, Conn.*

## UNCHURCHLY

As members of our Ladies' Fellowship, we were very upset after reading your February issue. The poems "Adolescence" and "The Bus Station at 12:30 p.m." were entirely out of line. It seems young people get enough sex education and vulgar language elsewhere, and Sunday School material certainly doesn't have to go along with the crowd.

—C.A., *Greenville, Iowa*

## REBUTTAL NEEDED

In the January, 1971 issue of YOUTH you published Elsa Koenig's article describing her Cuban experience. I found the article sensitively done, and have shared it with a number of people who have

had extensive experience in Cuba both before and after the revolution. There was one general response: this is only one piece of the story—a good piece, but only a partial un-

derstanding of what Cuba is all about. We wish YOUTH might publish another Cuban article from another viewpoint to further our understanding of the situation there.

I think you continue to edit a beautiful, meaningful magazine. I share this concern only because it seems to me you need an occasional balancing factor.

—R.R., *Temple Terrace, Fla.*

## TIMELY

In a friend's office I just saw an amazing, enchanting, beautiful, fantastic little calendar produced by YOUTH Magazine (Jan. 1971). Complete with art-work, quotable quotes, and of course a time-line! May I have one, please?

—L.N., *Davenport, Iowa*

## GAP-LESS

There is no generation gap—it is merely an idea created by those who do not wish to communicate. I think that YOUTH communicates beautifully. —M.P., *Pittsfield, Mass.*

THE LIDBERT  
PACIFIC SCH OF RELIGION  
1798 SCENIC AVE  
BERKELEY CA 94709

What kind of joke  
are you playing on us, God?

When flying high on my pride, I suddenly stumble.

People laugh. What can I do? I laugh, too!

Oops! My ego is leveled, as I blush!

Mankind does so many unthinking and unfair things.  
But a satiric jab pops the balloons of phoniness.

Ouch! The truth stings, as it teases.

The crowd is tight as fear ignites the air.

Someone cracks a joke. Belly-laughs bellow.

Snap! The tension is eased, as emotions relax.

Most of us want to do what's right. By laughing  
at our own absurdities, it's easier to confess them.

Wow! Our real humanity is awakened. And we enjoy it!

When we believe in truth, in caring for others, and in  
our own worth, the humor of life becomes a step into faith.

Flash! Then comes the light! What, me worry?

I don't want to stop laughing.  
I thank God!



DRUG ODYSSEY

WRITE ON!  
62

OUCH! YEAH!! OUCH!! YEAH!!

38